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CALVERT, : : NEBRASKA.

ATISHOO!

WITH A LIGHT CATARRH ACCOMPANIMENT.

Atishoo! Atishoo! You ask me to write? I'm coughing all day, and I'm sneezing all night.

My eyes are so tearful I scarcely can see, And pens, ink and paper are poison to me. Atishoo! Atishoo! My nose is quite red— Pray how can I write with a cold in my head?

Atishoo! Atishoo! You ask me to laugh. When hot-water gruel I grossly quaff? Even warm mustard-plaster can scarcely inspire This dismal old rhyme or groans by the fire.

Atishoo! Atishoo! Your feelings are dead To think I can laugh with a cold in my head.

Atishoo! Atishoo! You ask me to joke, When any exertion compels me to choke? My chilly brain reels at the thought of a pun, And frozen is all my perennial fun.

Atishoo! Atishoo! My brain is like lead— For pray who can joke with a cold in his head?

Atishoo! Atishoo! You ask me to sing, And think I can carol like lark on the wing? My harp is unstrung, and I can't sing a note, But ruefully groan with a horrid sore throat.

Atishoo! Atishoo! I should be in bed— For how can I sing with a cold in my head? —London Punch.

"LAL" RYDQUIST;

A Story of the Land and Sea.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

True Love and Woman's Devotion—Heroic Self-Sacrifice—The Happy Reward of Scrow Borne Bravely, of Faith, Loyalty, Courage and Patient Trust.

[From All the Year Round.]

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

They saw the action of the girl in the boat, and then they saw her seize the sculls and pull vigorously to shore. As for Lal, all she saw was a pale and dripping face, fingers which clutched the gunwale and nearly pulled it under, and an indiscriminate something in the water.

"Oh, can you hold on?" she cried. "It is but a moment—twenty strokes—see, we are close to the steps."

"Quick!" he replied; "it is a heavy weight. Row as hard as you can, please."

Presently, when the Captain of the ship saw the boat landed at the steps, and was sure of the safety of the two men, he made a sign to the pilot, and the ship went on her way, for time is precious.

"Lucky escape," he said. "Armiger will come over presently, none the worse for a ducking."

But the passengers with one accord raised a mighty cheer as the boat touched the shore, and the men on the lighters cheered lustily, and even the two young capsized thieves who were wet and dripping, cheered. And there were some who said the case must be forwarded to the Royal Humane Society, and some who talked about Grace Darling, and made comparisons, and some who said it was their sacred duty to write to the papers, and tell the story of this wonderful presence of mind. But they did not, because shortly afterward they reached the docks, and there was kissing of relations, packing of wraps, counting of boxes, and afterward so much to see and talk about, and so many things to tell, that the rescue of the second officer in the Thames became only an incident in the history of the voyage, and the voyage itself only an incident in the history of their sojourn abroad.

The distance to be rowed was more, indeed, than twenty strokes, but not much more. Still, there are times when twenty strokes of the oar take more time to the imagination, than many hours of ordinary work. Lal rowed with beating heart; in two minutes the boat lay alongside the steps.

When her passenger's feet touched the stones he let go, and, being a strong young fellow, and none the worse for his cold bath, he carried his burden, an apparently inanimate body, up the stairs to the top. Here he laid him while he ran down again to help his preserver.

"These are my steps," she said; "my boat is always moored here. Thank you, but if you don't give her the whole length of her painter, she will be hung up by the bows when the tide runs out."

She jumped out and ran lightly up the stone steps. At the top, the man who had given them all this trouble sat up, looking about him with wondering eyes. Then Lal saw that he was of some foreign country, partly by his dress and partly from his face. The other, who did indeed present a rueful appearance in his dripping clothes, was she perceived, an officer of the steamer. Then Lal began to laugh.

"It is all very well to laugh," he said grimly, and shaking himself like Tommy Trout, medalist of the Humane Society, after rescuing that Tom, "but here's half my kit ruined. And, I say, you've saved my life and I haven't even thanked you. But I do not know how to thank you."

"It was all by chance," replied Lal, "and I am very glad."

"And what are we to do next?" he asked.

He made a sign to the other man, who sprang to his feet, shivered and nodded.

"I am very glad you saved his life, at any rate," the young man went on; "he is the steward of the officers' mess, and he cannot thank you himself, because he is deaf and dumb; we call him Dick."

"Come, both of you," said the girl, recovering her wits, which were a little scattered by this singular event. "Come both and dry your clothes."

She led the way, and they all three set off running—a remarkable procession of one dry girl and two wet men, which drew all eyes upon them, and a small following of boys, in the direction of the Captain's house.

"I thought we should have dragged the gunwale under water," gasped the young fellow.

"So did I," said Lal simply. "Can you swim?"

"No," he replied.

"Yet you jumped overboard to rescue your steward. What a splendid thing to do!"

"I forgot I couldn't swim till I was in the water. Never mind. I mean to learn."

The young fellow was a tall, slight-built lad of twenty-one or twenty-two. Lal pushed him into a bedroom, and pointed to a bundle of clothes. It was not her fault that they belonged to Captain Jansen, who was five feet nothing high, and about the same round the waist. So that when the lad was dressed in them, he felt a certain amount of embarrassment, as any one might who was sent forth into an unknown house with trousers no longer than his knees, and of breadth phenomenal.

"Where can I hide," he said to himself, "till the things are dry?"

He found a room set with a long table and a good many chairs. This was the Captains' room, where they took their meals by day and smoked pipes at night. Just then no one was in it. He wanted to find the girl who had saved his life and rescued him; so, after a look round, he went on his cruise of discovery.

Next, he opened another door. It was Lal's housekeeping room, in which sat an old, old man in an arm-chair, sound asleep. This was Captain Zachariassen.

He shut the door quietly and opened another. This was the front parlor, and in it sat Mrs. Rydquist alone, also fast asleep; but the opening of the door awakened her, and she sat up and put on her spectacles.

"Come in, Captain," she said, thinking it was one of her friends, but uncertain which one of them looked so young and wore clothes of such an amplitude.

"Come in, Captain. It is a long time since we have had a talk."

"Thank you, ma'am," he replied. "It is my first visit here. We always, you know, put into East India Docks."

"Ah!" She shook her head. "Very wrong—very wrong! Many have been robbed at Shadwell. But come in, and I will tell you some of my troubles. Do take a chair."

She drew out a handkerchief, and wiped a rising tear.

"Dear me, what a delightful thing to see a young fellow like you—not drowned yet!"

"I might have been," he replied, "but for—"

"Ah, and you may be yet." This seemed a very cheerful person. "Many no older than yourself are lying at the bottom of the sea this minute."

"That is very true," he said, "but—"

"Oh, I know what you would say. And Captain Zachariassen eighty-six years of age if a day."

The young man began to feel as if he had got into an enchanted palace.

When Lal found him there, he was sitting bolt upright, while Mrs. Rydquist was discoursing at large on perils and disasters at sea.

"You yourself," she was saying, "look like one who will go early and find your end—"

"Gracious, mother!" cried Lal, in her quick sharp way, "how can you say such things? Time enough when he does go to find it out. Besides—Your clothes are quite dry now, and—oh! oh! oh!"

Then she laughed again, seeing the delightful incongruity of trousers, sleeves, arms and legs, so that he retired in confusion.

When he came to put on his own things, he discovered that the girl of the boat—this girl so remarkably handy with her sculls—had actually taken the opportunity to restore a button to the back of his neck. The loss of this button had troubled him for two voyages and a half. So delicate and unusual an attention naturally went straight to his heart, which was already softened by the consideration of the girl's bravery and beauty.

He thought she looked prettier than ever, with her large eyes and the sweet innocence of her face, when he came down again in his uniform.

"Your steward is dry too," she said, "and warning himself before the kitchen fire. Will you have some tea with the Captains? It is their tea-time."

"I would rather have some tea with you," he replied, "if I might."

"Would you? Then of course you shall."

She spoke as if it were a mere nothing, a trifle of no value at all, this invitation to take tea with her.

She took him into her own room, where the young man had seen the old fellow asleep, and presently brewed him a cup of tea, the like of which, he thought, he had never tasted, and set before him a plate of hot toast.

"That is better for you," she said, as wisely as any doctor, "than hot brandy-and-water."

At last he rose, after drinking as much tea as he could and staying as long as he dared. The ship would be in dock by this time. He must get across.

"May I come over, when I can get away, to see you again?" he asked, bashfully.

She replied without any bashfulness at all and with straightforward friendliness, that she would be very glad to see him whenever he could call upon her, and that the best time would be in the afternoon, or, as the evenings were now

long, in the evening; but not in the morning, when she was busy with all sorts of things, and especially in superintending the Captains' dinner.

"I will come," he said, and this time he blushed. "What is your name?"

"I am Lal Rydquist," she replied, as if everybody ought to know her. But that is not at all what she meant.

"Lal! What a pretty name. It suits —" And here he stopped and blushed again.

"And what is your name?"

"Rex Armiger," he said. "And I am second officer on board the Aryan, of the Indian Peninsula line, homeward bound from Calcutta."

This was the beginning of Lal's love-story. A young fellow, gallant and handsome, pulled dripping out of the river—a sailor, too—how could Lal fall in love with anybody but a sailor?

Every love-story has its dawn, its first faint glimmering, which grows into a glorious rose of day. There are generally, as we know, clouds about the east at the dawn of day. Club-men about Pall Mall frequently remark this in the month of June on leaving the whist-table; policemen have told me the same thing; milk-men, in spring and autumn, report the phenomenon; old-fashioned poets observed it. There can be no real doubt or question about it. After the dawn and the morning comes the noon, when the story becomes uninteresting to outsiders, yet is a very delightful story to the actors themselves. There are different kinds of clouds, and you already know pretty well what was the cloud which for a long time made poor Lal's story a sad one.

When, however, the first streaks of dawn appeared the sky was cloudless. You must not suppose that this young lady beheld the man and straightway fell in love with him. Not at all. Love is a plant which takes time to grow. In her case it kept on growing long after Rex had left her; long, indeed, after everybody said he was dead. But it cannot be denied that she thought about him.

The Captains congratulated her on having pulled the young fellow out of the river. Captain Zachariassen, with a gallantry beyond his years, even went so far as to wish he had himself been the subject of the immersion and the rescue. He also related several stories of his own daring, fifty, sixty, or seventy years before, in various parts of the ocean. All this was pleasing.

Lal laughed at the compliments and sang the more about the house, nor did it disturb her in the least when her mother lifted up her voice in prophecy.

"My dear," she said, "mark my words. If ever I saw shipwreck and drowning—I mean quite young drowning—on any man's face, it is marked on the face of that young man. The heedless and the giddy may laugh; but we know better, my dear—we who have gone through it."

When a ship comes home and has but three weeks in which to discharge her cargo and take in her new lading, the officers have by no means an easy time. It is not holiday with them, but quite the reverse; and it was not often that Rex could get an evening free. In fact, the whole of his wooing was accomplished in five visits to Rotherhithe.

On his first visit he was disappointed. Lal was on the river in her boat, and so he sat with her mother and waited. Mrs. Rydquist took the opportunity, which might never occur again, of solemnly warning him against falling in love with her daughter. This, she said, was a very possible thing to happen, especially for a sailor, because her girl was well set up, not to say handsome. Therefore, it was her duty to warn him, as she had already warned a good many, including Captain Skantlebury, afterward cast away in Torres Straits, that it was an unlucky thing to marry into a family whose husbands and male relations generally found a grave at the bottom of the sea. Further, if he was well known among sailors that if you rescued a person from drowning, that person would, at some time or other, repay your offices by injuring your earthly prospects. So that there were two excellent reasons why Rex should avoid the Rock of Love.

They were doubtless valid; but they were not strong enough to repress in the young man a look of joy and admiration when the girl came home fresh and bright as an ocean nymph. He took supper with her, and between them the two managed to repress the gloom even of the prophetess who sat with them, as cheerful as Cassandra at a Trojan supper. Did ever any one consider how much that good old man King Priam had to put up with?

Another time was on a Sunday evening. They went to church together and sang out of the same hymn-book. Captain Zachariassen was in the pew also, and he went to sleep three times, viz., during the first lesson, the second lesson, and the sermon, without counting the prayers, during which he probably dropped off as well. After the service, as the evening was fine and the air warm, they sat awhile in the churchyard, and the young fellow, seated on a tombstone, unconscious of the moral he was illustrating, had a very good time indeed talking with Lal. When they were tired of the church-yard they walked away to the bridge over the entrance to the docks, and leaned over the rail talking still. Lal was quite used to the confidences of her friends, but somehow this one's confidences were different. He sought no advice, he confessed no love affair; he did not begin to look at her as if he was struck silly, and then ask her to marry him—which so many of the Captains had done; he asked her about herself, and seemed eager to know all she would tell him, as if there was anything about herself that so gallant a sailor would care to know, with such stupid

particulars about her daily life, and how she never left Rotherhithe at all, and had seen no other place.

"What a strange life!" he said, after many questions. "What a dull life! Are you not tired of it?"

"No," she answered. "Why should I be? Do they not bring a constant change into the house, my Captains? I know all their adventures, and I could tell you, oh! such stories. You should hear Captain Zachariassen when he begins to recollect."

"Aye, aye, we can all spin yarns. But never to leave this place!" He paused with a sigh.

"I am happy," said Lal. "Tell me about yourself."

"It was her turn now, and she began to question him until he told her all he had to tell; but I suppose he kept back something, as one is told to leave something on the dish, for good manners. But if he did not tell all, it was because he was modest, not because he had things to hide of which he was ashamed."

He was, he said, the son of a Lincolnshire clergyman, and he was destined to the Church; solemnly set apart, he was, by his parents, and consecrated in early infancy. This made his subsequent conduct the more disgraceful, although, as he pleaded, his own consent was not asked nor his inclinations consulted. The road to the Church is grievously beset by wearisome bowlders, pits, ditches, briars, and it may be fallen trunks, which some get over without the least difficulty, whereas to others they are grievous hindrances. These things are an allegory, and I mean books. Now, unlucky Rex, a masterful youth in all games, schoolboy feats, fights, freaks and fantees, regarded a book, from his earliest infancy, unless it was a romance of the sea, or a story of adventure, with a dislike and suspicion amounting almost to mania. In his recital to Lal, he avoided mention of the many floggings he received, the battles he fought, and the insubordination of which he was guilty, and the countless lessons which he had not learned. He simply said that he ran away from school and got to Liverpool, where, after swapping clothes with a real sailor boy, he got on board a Canadian brig as loblolly boy, and was kicked and cuffed all the way to Quebec and all the way back again. The skipper cuffed him, the mate cuffed him, the cook cuffed him, the crew cuffed him; he got rough treatment and bad grub. His faculties were stimulated, no doubt, and a good foundation laid for smartness in after life as a sailor. Also his frame was hardened by the fresh breeze of the Windy Fifties. On his return he wrote to his father to say that he was about to return to school. He did return; was the hero of the school for two months, and then ran away and tried the sea once more, from Glasgow to New York in a cargo steamer. Finally, his father had to renounce his ambitious schemes, in spite of the early consecration and setting apart, and got him entered as a middy in the service of a great line of steamers. Now, at the age of twenty-two, he was second officer.

Such was the modesty of the young man that he omitted to state many remarkable facts in his own life, though these rebounded greatly to his credit; nor was it till afterward that Lal discovered how good a character he bore for steady seamanship and pluck, how well he stood for promotion. Also, he did not tell her that he was the softest-hearted fellow in the world, though his knuckles were so hard; that he was the easiest man in the world to lead, although the hardest to drive; that on board he was always ready, when off duty, to act as nursemaid, protector and playfellow for any number of children; that he was also at such times as good as a son or a brother to all ladies on board; that on shore he was ever ready to give away all his money to the first who asked for it; that he thought no evil of his neighbor; that he considered all women as angels, but Lal as an archangel; and that he was modest, thinking himself a person of the very smallest importance on account of these difficulties over books, and a shameful apostate in the matter of the falling off from the early dedication.

When a young woman begins to take a real interest in the adventures of a young man, and, like Desdemona, to ask questions, she generally lays a solid foundation for much more than mere interest. Dido, though she was no longer in her premiere jeunesse, is a case in point as well as Desdemona. And every married person recollects the flattering interest taken in each other by fiancée and fiancée during the early days, the sweet, sunshiny days of their engagement.

That Sunday night, after the talk in the church-yard, they went back to the house and Rex had supper with the Captains, winning golden opinions by his great and well-sustained powers over cold beef and pickles. After this they smoked pipes and told yarns, and Lal sat among them by the side of Rex, which was a joy to him, though she was sitting on the arm of Captain Zachariassen's wooden chair, and not his own.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

—Recently James Shields, of Syracuse, N. Y., met for the first time a Miss McDonald. He took a sudden fancy to the young lady, and the following day asked her to marry him. The consent of her parents was obtained and three days afterward they were married. After three days of matrimonial bliss Shields left his bride unceremoniously and went no one knows where.

—Rowland Hill said that he would not give much for a man's religion if his dog was not the better for it. Dr. Leonard Bacon had a dog who was so much attached to him that he died when the bells were tolling for the funeral of the divine.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

—It has been calculated that breakers on the Atlantic coast fall with a force of three tons to the square foot.

—A half-dollar of 1796 brought \$23.50 at an auction sale in New York. One of the year following went off at \$46.50.

—Over 500,000 bushels of charcoal are used in Leadville every month. One firm consumes about 125,000 bushels, at 12 and 14 cents per bushel.

—Of the large cities in the United States, Charleston, S. C., has the largest proportion of colored people, 55 per cent, and Milwaukee the smallest, 13 blacks to every 5,000 of the total population.

—A party of New York capitalists have purchased 830 acres of land near Rockaway, at \$500 per acre, and will commence the work at once of laying the property out into villa sites and erecting dwellings for sale or rent.

—A speculator in the neighborhood of London, Ont., is buying up all the cats he can get, and paying therefor from ten cents to forty cents each. He says the pelts are cured and manufactured just the same as fox, mink, etc.

—The Noble Furnace property, on Cripple Creek, Wytche County, Va., has lately changed owners for the sum of \$67,500. The tract embraces 15,000 acres of land, and is regarded as one of the finest iron properties in the South.

—The total number of newspapers and periodicals published all over the world in 1880 was, according to the "Newspaper Directory," 34,274, and the circulation amounted to 10,592,000,000, or six copies to each individual living.—N. Y. Sun.

—Among the recent imports received at New York was 2,150 cans of condensed milk from London, 385 boxes of cheese from France, 4,806 bags of potatoes from Scotland, 424 bags of turnips from Scotland and 350 hogsheds of saurkraut from Germany.—N. Y. Tribune.

—General Meigs was the great spender of the public money. During the war he directed the expenditure of as much as \$1,956,600,000, a sum by the side of which Vanderbilt seems like a pauper. He also audited the mass of War claims, allowing 33,000 that amounted to \$40,000,000. But not a dollar stuck to the honest officer's hands.

—The bonanza stocks, as California and Consolidated Virginia have always been known, reached their highest valuation in the San Francisco market on the 6th of January, 1875. Each mine was then divided in 108,000 shares, and California sold at \$780 per share, and Consolidated Virginia at \$715 per share. Subsequently both mines were divided into 540,000 shares each, and they have ever since sold on the same basis. This is equivalent to \$156 for California and \$143 for Consolidated Virginia. No one would have thought that in seven years from that time, California would be selling at 10 cents per share, and Consolidated Virginia at 50 cents per share. But that is the record. California is now selling for only one-third of the assessment money collected a few weeks ago.—Chicago Times.

—Clothes are the best passport among strangers—character among acquaintances.—Whitehall Times

—The first ingredient in good conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humor and the fourth wit.

—It isn't because a woman is exactly afraid of a cow that she runs away and screams, but it is because gored dresses are not fashionable.

—When the aesthetic craze adopts knee-breeches, it can be seen upon what slender foundations society rests.—New Orleans Picayune.

—Men are frequently like tea—the real strength and goodness is not properly drawn out of them till they have been for a short time in hot water.

—I've seen men cured of drunkenness; I've seen men cured of stealing; I've seen men cured of cruelty, but I have never yet known of a man that was cured when once drunken with vanity.—Becher.

—In a trial before a Justice at Dodge City, Kan., a witness who was being bullied by a cross-examining lawyer called on the Court for protection. The Justice handed him a pistol. "I have no further questions," said the lawyer.

—Precocious children.—"I know," said the little girl to her elder sister's young man at the supper table, "that you will join in our society for the protection of little birds, because mamma says you are very fond of larks."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

—Duty is a power which rises with us in the morning, and goes to rest with us at night. It is co-extensive with the action of our intelligence. It is the shadow which cleaves to us, go where we will, and which only leaves us when we leave the light of life.—Home Treasure.

—The people of Alaska, who ought to be contented and happy, do not seem to know when they are well off. With whisky at fourteen cents a quart, and neither a City Council or a Supreme Court to worry them, these skin-clad aliens are clamoring for a Government.—Chicago Tribune.

—It is now reported that the property which Lady Burdett-Coutts gave up for the privilege of marrying Mr. Bartlett is \$350,000 a year. A large price to pay for him, and it would embarrass him some morning when he refuses to get up first and make the fire, if she should quietly say: "Ashy, what do you suppose I paid \$350,000 for you for."—Chicago Tribune.